UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

VOLUME XXXI — CHICAGO, APRIL 13, 1893 — NUMBER 7

UNITY

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF RELIGION

ESTABLISHED IN 1878

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dvertising, 12 cents per line; business notices 24 nts per line. Advertisements of book publishers ceived direct; other advertising through LORD & OMAS, advertising agents, Chicago and New York. Readers of UNITY are requested to mention this per when answering advertisements.

Unity Publishing Company,

175 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

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Editorial.

MR. S. C. MUKHOPADHYAYA, M. A., editor of the *Light of the East*, a native religious paper published in Calcutta. It is suggestive and often profitable to see how the Orient looks upon the Occident. "The Christianity of Christ is not the garbled Christianity of his so-called modern followers. He was a *Sannyasi* and a native of the East. He walked Hebrew, he dressed himself like a *Fakeer*, he wore the skin of an animal like the Indian *Yogi*. By our habits and customs, by our traditions and by our birth we resemble him more than the princely bishop who opens his day by murdering some defenseless innocent animal to satisfy his belly god and passes his life in luxuriant living."

AN indignant subscriber from Dakota expresses his disappointment in UNITY. As a Presbyterian minister he had subscribed for it because he was in search of some real basis of unity that would unite the churches, but to his disappointment he says he finds it "nothing but an out-and-out Unitarian paper." This causes a smile in the sanctum, for to many others just now UNITY is a source of apprehension lest it may prove disloyal or somehow untrue to Unitarianism. We replied to the subscriber, that if our attempt to waive all doctrines in the interests of the Golden Rule, to unite people on the basis of character-building rather than upon creed or dogma was "out-and-out Unitarianism" we must plead guilty to the soft impeachment. This is what we want, let the "gentle reader" call it what he choose.

GOOD FRIDAY may become a fixed holiday to the public school children of Chicago and we believe it is recognized as such in many of the industrial and business places of our city. We resented the invasion upon its introduction a few years ago and regarded it as an unwarranted encroachment of the church upon the state. And still we see its logical inconsistencies and some theological dangers, but our feelings have changed in the matter. We have no fear that such a celebration of the day as a secular holiday will Romanize the state. But it will, on the other hand, humanize the church. By such a recognition, Good Friday will become less and less an ecclesiastical day and more and more a human celebration, a secular festival in the best sense of that word. Its ritual significance will be more and more absorbed in the glad humane recognition of the world's debt to an incomparable love; humanity's growing appreciation of a great soul.

A CONTRIBUTOR to the *Christian Union* writes to that excellent paper: "You mention the Hartford Theological Seminary as having opened its doors to women; and I would like to add a paragraph from the report of the Seminary, which will answer one of the questions of your correspondent: 'Tuition in the Seminary, including the privileges of the lectures, apparatus, etc., is free for women as for men. The expenses for board, etc., may be estimated at from $300 upward. To assist women requiring aid in meeting such expenses, funds exist, by means of which scholarship aid to the amount of from $75 to $100 may be expected. Two entrance prize scholarships of $250 each are offered to women, corresponding to the two offered to men. They are offered to the women passing the best examinations on entering the Seminary, upon a list of selected topics supplied on application.'" This outruns the provision made for women by the Meadville theological school, where for some years they have been cordially received but, as yet, have no help from the endowment funds belonging to the school but only from privately supplied resources, as we understand. And as for Cambridge—How long, O Harvard, how long?

A WRITER in one of our exchanges notes the much greater success of coffee-houses in England than in this country, as attempts to combat the saloon or "public." The cause of this is attributed to "lack of common sense in their management." There "church and charity are kept entirely out of sight, and coffee-houses are offered to the community simply as business ventures. The difficulty in this country is that they are usually started by the W. C. T. U. or Y. M. C. A., and that a sign telling the people who do this work is often made conspicuous, and as a result the ventures are almost always failures. In England the only sign which appears is 'Coffee-House Company.'" There is probably much truth in this. It is not necessary for religion to label its good works. A minister is sometimes hindered by his clerical uniform, this being taken as the badge of a class and separating him from the everyday humanity about him. The new Sunday-school boy who wanted a library book "without any religion in it" had reasons for his request in his own mind, though his phrasing may have been ambiguous. Jesus appears not to have regarded street advertising as essential to piety and its winning effect upon the people. After all, that was a wholesome reply of the man who was asked if he had "got religion." "Not any to *speak* of, Sir."

THE tenth Annual of All Souls Church, Chicago, is before us. It is the custom of this society to put its Annual into the hands of its people on Easter morning. This number includes not only the story of the year 1892, but a review of the work of the church in all its departments during its ten years of life. In addition to the reports of the various sections, some twenty-six in all, it contains a historical sketch by one of the earliest members, a sermon entitled "A Ten Years' Ministry," by the Pastor; and the usual directory, parish list and plans for 1893, among which is a statement of things hoped for under the title, "Our Dream," backed up by an interesting cut showing the possible building which may be the fulfillment of that dream. The Prefatory Note is addressed to the friends, who in 1882, outside the parish, contributed the sum of $11,600 toward making a church home possible. This debt of gratitude the church has been enabled to pay *forward* by contributing to various missionary interests outside the society the sum of $13,207 which is the original capital and more than ten per cent interest on the same: $4,111.90 was given conditionally, and is protected by a mortgage to the American Unitarian Association which becomes operative "if ever the society ceases to exist, or fails to use it for Unitarian purposes." Concerning this sum the Annual says:

> "We hope it will be paid *back* during the next ten years so that we may owe no one aught but gratitude, and the church, having discharged the letter as well as the spirit of every money obligation, be free to pursue its highest ideals and every growing purpose which makes for the Free Church of the Spirit — the Home of Helpfulness."

The great bulk of this $13,207 has been contributed to the various Unitarian activities East and West; and in the pursuit of its ideals it has rendered the Unitarian cause its highest service, and in the further pursuit of the same it will serve the real Unitarianism none the less. Whatever this church has been able to accomplish has been achieved not through the much of any one or of the few—it has never been the church of the wealthy—but it has been through the diligent giving of the little from the many, giving in proportion as they have prospered. The society makes a departure this year in putting a price upon the Annual, thus justifying the outlay, and perchance, increasing the dignity of the work. A few hundred extra copies have been printed for the benefit of outside friends who may be interested in this exhibit, and copies will be forwarded, until the number is exhausted, to any one sending twenty-five cents to the Parish Assistant, All Souls Church, 3939 Langley avenue.

On the Study of Our Own Poets.

Mr. Sheldon wrote Mr. Learned the other day, saying: "It was a perfect delight to me when you told me yesterday that your Unity Club thought of studying Whittier next winter. If you did it, I believe it would mean a great deal for our city, and perhaps indicate a complete change in the method of literary study pursued in St. Louis.

"If only educated literary people would take up these humbler home poets in a dignified way, instead of leaving them to the school boys and girls, it would be a great help for better things. My own studies in Whittier have led me to see that there are three great subjects that would call for an immense deal of collateral reading and discussion. There would be the whole Quaker movement, which is the clew to everything he wrote; then there would be the Anti-slavery movement; in the third place there would be the great Broad-Church movement in England of our own day to which his religious poetry offers so close a parallel."

Walt Whitman who was criticised for underrating our American poets wrote:

"I can't imagine any better luck befalling these states for a poetical beginning and initiation than has come from Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant and Whittier. Emerson, to me, stands unmistakably at the head; but for the others, I am at a loss where to give any precedence. Each illustrious, each rounded, each distinctive. Emerson for his sweet, vital-tasting melody, rhymed philosophy, and poems as amber-clear as the honey of the wild bee he loves to sing. Longfellow for rich color, graceful forms and incidents—all that makes life beautiful and love refined—competing with the singers of Europe on their own ground, and, with one exception, better and finer work than any of them. Bryant pulsing the first interior verse-throbs of a mighty world-bard of the river and the wood, ever conveying a taste of open air, with scents as from hay fields, grapes, birch-borders—always lurkingly fond of threnodies—beginning and ending his long career with chants of death, with here and there through all, poems, or passages of poems, touching the highest universal truths, enthusiasms, duties — morals as grim and eternal, if not as stormy and fateful, as anything in Æschylus. While in Whittier, with his special themes — (his outcropping love of heroism and war for all his Quakerdom, his verses at times like the measured step of Cromwell's old veterans)—in Whittier lives the zeal, the moral energy, that founded New England—the splendid rectitude and ardor of Luther, Milton, George

Fox—I must not, dare not, say the willfulness and narrowness—though doubtless the world needs now, and always will need, almost above all just such narrowness and willfulness."

J. C. L.

A New Feminine Species.

I have of late become unwillingly convinced of the existence of a new feminine type, one peculiar to the modern era, a natural result of the changing social creeds and standards of the age, which will sometime adjust itself to the unfolding order of things, but which is at present the source of torturing unrest and unhappiness to itself, and of serious trial and misgiving to every one else. I mean the woman of talent, who has become a distinct species by herself. Talent is as much more difficult to understand and deal with than genius as it is more common. It is getting altogether too common. Genius, whether encased in a man's or woman's frame, can make and fill its own place; it asks neither help nor sympathy, or if it does it is generally refused both which is at least disciplinary. It works unrecognized and unaided until at last it wins the reward it has so well earned and the world it has grown to be independent of is at its feet. At the other end of the scale is plain commonplace merit and it too knows how to makes its way and win its own corresponding rewards. For plain, commonplace merit is unhampered by false ambitions, looks at things as they are and aims only to fill some place of quiet usefulness in the world, of which the supply always exceeds the demand, and thus gains a contented spirit and a comfortable living. But the people who have not genius on the one hand but something more than average ability on the other, have a hard time—and make others have a hard time. And this type, as I have said, seems to abound just now among women. The man of talent may understand his superiority very well, he may know that no Cromwell, Beethoven, Milton or Washington ever won higher honors in his chosen pursuit than he could have gained had he been given half the chance; but missing that chance he missed also something else, the time to sit down and mourn over it. A man, even a man of talent, must make his way in the world somehow; if not by the path native gifts would indicate then by the next one that opens. He must prove himself, must establish his right to live in other men's eyes, he must in short earn his living, not only his own but generally a few other peoples'. However much he may like to indulge in romantic dreams and fancies about himself he has, fortunately, for him and the world no time. He must be at the office or warehouse at eight o'clock, and once there must look sharp and keep himself alive to what is going on directly around him. In time, things as they are come to hold as high place in his esteem as the things that might have been, reality takes the place of fancy and he grows into useful and enlightened citizenhood. The man of talent forgets he ever belonged to that hybrid species and is content in the belief that he is about on a par with the rest of his fellows. I have faith to believe that the woman of talent will forget it some day, but she is a long way from doing so now. The hopes and dreams that gilded life at eighteen she clings to with passionate conviction at forty, especially if she has never realized them and usually she never has. When she does realize them she ceases to be a mere woman of talent, she has found that any success won must be matched with larger success more hardly won and she settles down to work, which soon she loves better than work's rewards. But the woman of talent, who is always aspiring but never attaining, dreams and dotes all her life long. Failure teaches her every lesson but the needed one; it persuades her that the world is in league against her, that true merit is neglected and only vice and impudence rewarded, it develops cynical distrust, leads to a habit of egotistic complaint, perverts vision and judgment and embitters the soul. Failure teaches all these things to the weak-minded before it imparts the power of self-estimation either in man or woman; the reason it compels this self-estimate in men sooner than in women is as before said because the man must go to work. The woman, so it often happens, has not this pressing question of self-support to meet, she has a little money or it is someone's duty to care for her, or perhaps she earns a little, but she holds no fixed place anywhere. She is neither domestic nor fashionable nor a woman of business. She is a woman of talent. She has not the faithfulness or relative intelligence of Irish Biddy who cooks her meals, yet she envies Biddy her independence; she has not the grace, wit or adaptability of the social leader whose honors and privileges she covets, she has no power of application or self-discipline yet continually bemoans her inability to win these places of honor and emolument which these qualities can alone confer. She has nothing but a little talent which injudicious friends have unthinkingly praised until her poor silly head is inflated with vanity and all chances of simple usefulness and happiness are lost to her.

Sometimes the talent is of one order, sometimes of another. If she can write a good essay, and what women in these days cannot, she is persuaded she has a gift for public oratory; if she can paint a little, straightway her mind is dizzied with the vision of medals and the art salon. If she can sing, her thoughts are at once fastened on the concert room and its triumphs. So tense and universal is this ambition for public notice becoming that we are rapidly losing all power of simple natural enjoyment. Some commercial or professional tag is attached to every gift and quality. I have musical friends who are professionals and others who are not; if both happen to be present at my house at a social gathering I dare ask neither to play or sing for our pleasure. I must not ask my professional friend because she is a professional and has cultivated the heavenly art on the same principle my grocer supplies me with meat and vegetables; and I must not ask my non-professional friend for fear she would be taken for a professional and so compromised in some mysterious way. So we do without the music and "converse" or listen to a paper followed by discussion, duly announced beforehand in the note of invitation so as to guard against the possibility of any spontaneous enjoyment. Truly, we are falling into strange ways of amusing ourselves, as strange as some of the ways of improving ourselves of which the woman of talent is one of the results.

The mania for self-improvement has already been followed by many excellent results and there are more to come; but vanity and the love of display can be as easily cultivated on the plea of intellectual culture as any other. Worldly selfishness and pride are soon recognized, under whatever disguise they seek to hide themselves. The woman of talent is too often a creature of mere reputation, thrust into a passing prominence she does not deserve and cannot maintain, since she has neither those qualifications of mind or character that fit her for that altitude. Mere love of shining betokens very little of those inner vital forces of light and heat which, like the sun's, compel shining. The honors of life are for those who honestly earn them, not for those who simply pine for them. The woman of talent must consent to drop that distinction, eschew vanity in all its forms, demonstrate the worth of the gifts with which she is endowed in terms of honest and loving service to the world if she would not find them turn to waste and bitterness in her heart.

C. P. W.

Men and Things.

"Waiting for spring! The hearts of men are watching
Each for some better, brighter, fairer thing!
Each ear a distant sound most sweet is catching,
A herald of the beauty of his spring.

It must be so—the man, the soul, the nation
The mother by her child—we wait, we wait
Dreaming out futures; life is expectation,
A grub, a root that holds our higher state."

A MOVEMENT is afoot to secure Elmwood, the home of Lowell, as a public park. What better use to put the homes of poets to, than to make them the playgrounds of children?

THE most curious of all journals is probably the "Beggars' Journal," of Paris, which is published daily, and gives its subscribers a complete list of baptisms, weddings and funerals to take place the same day, which may be assumed to afford a good "pitch." Begging letter-writters are provided for by a special section, which gives the arrivals and departure of persons of known charitable tendencies.—*Weekly Review.*

HER ONE FAMOUS VERSE.—All aspiring young poetesses should read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the story of Mrs. Carney. She wrote only four lines of verse but they have been quoted probably by every one who speaks the English language. The lines were: "Little drops of water, little grains of sand, make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land." Mrs. Carney is an American lady, and is about 70 years old. She wrote the verse nearly fifty years ago, when she was a school mistress.—*Courier Journal.*

THE bust of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, which Mrs. Anne Whitney has just completed for the women of Connecticut, is pronounced to be a beautiful portrait, showing a strong face with the expression of delicate humor which was characteristic of Mrs. Stowe. It will first be placed in the library of the Woman's Building at the World's Fair, and ultimately in the Hartford Public Library. It was raised by the women of Connecticut in contributions of ten, fifteen and twenty-five cents.—*Independent.*

IT is a mistake to suppose that America alone suffers from pauper immigration. An investigation in England has developed the fact, that since 1891, 200,000 Russian and Polish Jews have landed in the United Kingdom as against an emigration to America of 179,000. It is the complaint of young men in the leading cities of Great Britain, that they are being crowded out of positions by cheaper service from the continent. It is a law of human migration that it moves toward prosperity wherever located.—*Independent.*

A DELIGHTFUL story comes from Washington of a member of the newly elected Congress who went to the capital for a few days of sight-seeing and to make arrangements for his future residence, and found himself so beset with applicants for office from his district that he fled precipitately from his hotel, leaving no address behind him, and has taken every precaution to cut off all communication with the outside world. The spectacle of a Congressman hiding from his own constituents is a beautiful illustration of our method of selecting public officers.—*Christian Union.*

PRESERVATION OF FORESTS.—By proclamation of the President, under an act of Congress in 1891, conferring certain powers upon him, four million acres of land have been added to the Yosemite National Park. The addition adjoins the former park on the south, and contains some of the most grandly beautiful scenery of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, with peaks ranging from 3,000 to 15,000 feet high. It includes the wonderful King's River Cañon and vast forests of the celebrated great trees, and of sugar, cedar, and other valuable woods. The honor of securing these lands is due chiefly to Secretary Noble. He has secured three other reservations in California and Washington, comprising 2,500,0 acres, and another of the Grand Cañon the Colorado, comprising 1,900,000 acres.

"IN the case of a French countess w left all her property to the Pope, the Fren court, in the action on the part of the n ural heirs of the countess to break the w decided that the Pope could not hold la in France—not because he was a forei sovereign, but because he was not a co crete person, but an abstraction, standi for the school of ideas known as Christia ity, and because an abstract idea cann hold real estate in France."

DR. WILLIAM B. HILLS, of Harvard U versity, has been employed by the Massach setts Board of Health to make an investig tion into the use of arsenic in wall pape woven fabrics, and other domestic goo The use of arsenic in children's toys or co fectionery is forbidden by statute in Mas chusetts. Ths largest proportion of arse in papers was found not in wall papers, b in those glazed and colored papers that a used for wrapping confectionery, and a supplied to kindergartens for the use children. If there is one thing in this port more discreditable to American man facturers than another, it is that they choo for their heaviest doses of arsenic, precise those fabrics that are likely to find their w into the hands of young children, or to worn by them. These poisonous materi must be used by manufacturers for no oth reason than that they are cheaper than ot ers.—*Examiner.*

DR. GORDON STABLES of the Engli navy relates an anecdote, and draws a mo regarding the use of tobacco, that ma young men might well heed. He say "Once a man belonging to my ship disl cated his shoulder while boat cruising. had no chloroform, and, muscular though was, failed to overcome the action of t sailor's muscles and reduce the dislocatio "Do you smoke?" I said. Happily he d not, though most sailors do. I had a pip lit it and handed it to him. In three mi utes' time the muscles were flaccid enoug and the ball of the humerus went into t socket with little exertion on my part. pitied my poor pale patient for a time, ho ever. Now, if tobacco has this power ov nerve and heart action even in a stron hardy sailor, does it not prove that it mu interfere with the nutrition of the body o half-grown sapling of a boy? Be wise time, therefore, and do not learn a hab that tends to injure you, simply because y think it manly.—*Selected.*

THE LENGTH OF A SERMON.—The tr measure of a sermon's length is neith the patience of the preacher nor that of t hearer. Many a preacher has exhaust his hearer in trying to exhaust his subje Some sermons are long that last twenty mi utes; some short that last three-quarters an hour, or an hour. Every sermon shou be timed, not by the clock, but by the co tinuance of the sympathetic relation b tween the occupant of the pulpit and t average occupant of the pew. When t speaker has lost his retention of the he er's attention further detention is a crim a violation of the right of *habeas corpu* Restiveness in the pew should be construe as a signal for rest in the pulpit. The tim to apply the brakes is not when the steam giving out in the engine, but a little whi before the passengers have reached the pla where they want to get out of the cars. Th are righteously indignant if carried beyo their desired station.—*The Homiletic R view.*

THE local option law of the state of A kansas confers upon its citizens the privile of petition against the location of a salo within a radius of three miles from a church or school-house. If a majority citizens so petition (and a woman's nam here counts as much as a man's) the jud has no choice in the matter—the saloo must go. The law is well enforced in "dry" districts, with the exception of tw or three large cities where miniature Tam manies hold sway.

Two gentlemen recently visited Arka sas on a business expedition. One of the while there, was suddenly seized with t fear that change of water might result serious disturbances of his physical con tion. Therefore, accompanied by a re dent friend, he started out to purchase som thing stronger. After a diligent search two hours the desired dram was necessari dispensed with. To the credit of its of cials be it said that in that town of ov three thousand inhabitants, and with plen of drug stores, not a half pint of liqu could be found.

The party had occasion to visit two a joining counties, and found the same sta of affairs in each. Not all their efforts n the efforts of the accommodating liveryma could secure a drink of whisky or beer.

Arkansas has been looked upon as a ki of Nazareth among the states, but if o prohibition friends think there can no go come out of it, just let them go and see.

We understand that a bill has been int duced into the present legislature extendi the "dry" limit to six miles from chur and school-house.

Contributed and Selected.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

What is the poet heart?
A wind-swept lyre
Which breatheth still apart
One word—"Aspire!"

What is the poet's song?
A pleading low
Uplifted against wrong
And shame and woe.

What is the poet soul?
That which can feel
Of life and death the *whole*—
Or woe or weal.

The poet's guerdon? Nay,
He needeth none.
Enough for him to say,
"My work is done!"

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

n Open Letter to the Western Unitarian Conference.

Brethren:—Will it not be an un-rtunate waste of time to discuss the pplementary resolution in our com-g conference? The discussion will sure to turn upon the meaning of ords—and of last year's words, at at. If we must have a discussion, n it not be lifted out of the plane words into that of ideas? It mat-s little what our words meant last ar. The really important thing is hat *we* mean this year. I am sure, rsonally, that in voting for that res-ution, I meant still to keep the open sis of fellowship and work unim-ired. I think many of the others no voted for it meant to do the me.

But there are some who think that e words of that resolution have a fferent meaning, and wish it re-aled. To satisfy their doubts, can e not pass a resolution which shall ate, without any ambiguity, just hat the most of us do mean?

I have tried to draw up such a reso-tion, and have submitted it to several both sides of the question; and I am sured that those who wish a repeal last year's resolution, will be quite ntent with some such resolution as is.

My motive in presenting it to the nference is the same as my motive voting for the supplementary resolu-on. I did not think that resolution ecessary, but some who wished to ork with us did think it necessary; nd as I could not see that it com-romised our principles, I voted for as a matter of common courtesy to em. I do not think my own resolu-on necessary, but there are some ho do; and to treat them with the me courtesy, I shall offer it at the nference.

It has been my endeavor to state as early as I could, what seemed to me be the position of the conference garding that larger view of religion, belonging not to any race or revela-on, but to humanity. It is the posi-on which I hope the conference does old. It was because I thought the nference held it, that I sought to in it, and it is my desire to keep the nference a congenial home to all ho have outgrown their older, nar-wer views, and reached the larger nception toward which the world is rapidly moving.

I have published the resolution here at all interested might become famil-r with it, before it comes up for vote. there is any ambiguity in it, or ything to give unnecessary offense anyone, I should be very thankful to ave it pointed out that it may be re-oved before it is presented, in order at the discussion may be only upon e principles and not on the words; r it is not intended as a creed to stop our march and wall us in, but rather as a flag at the head of the column to show the world which way we are facing, and that we are still a move-ment and not yet an establishment.

A. W. GOULD.

HINSDALE, ILL.

Resolved, That we hail the approaching Congress of Religions as a great step toward the recognition of that kinship which unites all religions into one vast family; and that we rejoice at the increasing signs that men are outgrowing their old dogmatic divisions, and coming to see that religion is something which transcends all names; and that we hold the name of "Unitarian" in no narrower sense than as marking part of a world-wide movement towards a clearer conception and larger recognition of the fundamental unity underlying all religion, and the inalienable right of all human beings to freedom of thought in religion; and that we renew our welcome to all who wish to join us in our labors, limiting our fellowship and our work by no lines of doctrinal belief.

Women in Business.

In a city journal some days ago appeared a communication, on the reasons why women fail in business, which is so palpably unjust to the vast body of women who are supporting themselves and others in the higher professions, that it is well nigh an impossibility for one who has any knowledge of the subject to let it pass without a protest.

The writer, in closing, recapitulates as follows: "The leading causes of failure are lack of training, unwillingness to submit to training, reluctance to work, a desire to be supported, disregard of time and lack of professional pride."

What an indictment to bring against any class of business people! In a little plainer English it simply means that in the estimation of said correspondent, our thousands of school teachers, women physicians, stenographers, music teachers, authors and artists are, as a rule, ignorant, obstinate, lazy, willingly dependent, unpunctual and indifferent. One can hardly help feeling under obligations to the writer that she has, in a negative way, absolved them from the few crimes that are left in the category of business disqualifications.

If our business women as a class are open to these charges, what can be said of our business men? Are the thousands of reputedly astute men of affairs, who are voluntarily putting women into positions requiring the highest type of skill and trustworthiness, simply fools, or are they all the dupes of fathomless duplicity on the part of those same women? We all know they are not; we all know that when a man wants an assistant in the lines of employment wherein women have had a fair show, upon whom he can rely under all circumstances for punctuality, sobriety and faithfulness, he generally looks for a woman.

Of course it would be folly to claim entire immunity from fault for any human being, particularly from a business point of view, and indeed we know the girls, as well as their elders, have plenty of faults, but those faults are primarily very largely the result of a training or heritage for which the girls themselves are not responsible, and which is almost invariably very amenable to the widening influences of contact with intelligent, alert minds, such as are always to be found in the business world.

Lack of training she certainly has, just as the boy, who leaves school and enters commercial life has lack of training, and perhaps she has a little more than he, lack of a proper appreciation of the necessity of training, but unwillingness to learn, or to work after she has learned, and particularly lack of pride in her work after she has mastered it, are not common faults among women; on the contrary, she is more liable to an over-enthusiasm, a nervous anxiety to do her duty at all hazards, which may be as disastrous to her usefulness as a positive lack of capacity in some respects.

Fifteen years' experience and observation have taught the writer hereof that the proportion of women who fail in reaching the goal they start out to reach in a business or professional sense, is much smaller than that of men, and when they do fail, the leading causes of that failure are, first, lack of physical health and the mental serenity which can only accompany physical health; second, a narrowness of vision which is the result of long generations of conservatism in the education of women; and last, but not least, a perverted idea of the place which marriage has or should have in the life of a woman, sapping the ambitions and giving to the marriageable woman, in some instances, an instability of motive sure to result from her conviction, more or less strong, that some day the prince is coming in his chariot of gold to lift her above all thought of hard work and sordid calculations, as to the elasticity of income more or less munificent.

The proper place of the subject of marriage in a woman's life has perhaps no pertinency here, but there is nevertheless much truth in the statement made by a woman who knew what she was talking about, that "no woman is fit to get married, until she has reached a point in business experience where she does n't have to."

A. L. K.

Not Alms but Ourselves.

There are people in the world, more or less well meaning, who give only money, and, in giving, leave behind them a keen sense of financial humiliation; there are others who give money, sometimes not very much in amount, and so much of genial heart with it—it is given with such a genuine sense of appreciation of need and from such a pure motive—that both giver and receiver feel ennobled. The money in such cases becomes, as it were, depersonalized, the giver looking upon himself (oftener herself) as God's almoner; the receiver taking, without shame, what, in the deepest sense is the "gift of God." Such charity will always be secret, and will fall "like the gentle dew from heaven."

But money after all is not the most valuable thing a man or a woman can give; sometimes indeed it is the most harmful. We give ourselves, *and especially what we most strongly are.* Arnold of Winkelried gave, at that critical moment when he gathered a sheaf of Austrian spears into his bosom, a needed courage to the wavering Swiss, and to-day the blood surges fiercely in men's veins at the bare mention of his name. So, also, to a sodden, dispirited, ignorant and venal time Jesus gave a fresh revelation, in his life and teaching, of the ideal and spiritual side of man's nature, and ever since, the fond idealization of his personality has been the most tremendous force in the history of spiritual experience. Our own Emerson, in an age of material ideals, held himself proudly aloof from the idols of the market and the street in order that he might commune with the Unseen and Eternal, and now more than ever is he to many of the noblest spirits of our race, "like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land"—a living demonstration that the ideal can be made, in life and character, the tangible and the real. —(*From a sermon by Rev. J. C. Hodgins*).

WHAT is a preacher, and what his function? Certainly he is not an orator. It is inconceivable that a man should deliver fifty-two eloquent orations in a year. Nor is he a lecturer, to interest the congregation by new information which he gives them—his pulpit a lecture platform and the congregation pupils. The press is a better teacher. If the preacher be at all that which the Old Testament and the New Testament declare he ought to be, he will be one who will gather up the spiritual experiences of his own congregation and interpret them to themselves; he will see in these beating hearts a reverence, a faith, a hope, a love, and their expression. But, more than this, if he be a true preacher, he will come from communion with the invisible and the eternal Father of us all, and he will bring something of that Father into this worshiping congregation; not, like Aaron, building the golden calf that his congregation ask for, but, like Moses, going up into the sacred mount and coming down, his face aglow because his heart is full of God. All the great preachers have this one quality in common; they do not all preach good English, they do not all preach sound theology, they are not all scholars, but they have this in common: they have God in their hearts, and the power so to utter him that gleams of the divine glory flash out on the hearts of their listening congregation.—*Christian Union.*

IF any proof were wanting to show that ritualism when idolized turns men who might have been scholars and thinkers and orators into half childish natures, busy in the ornaments of an altar like children around a Christmas tree, that proof may be read in the difficulties which lay between Phillips Brooks and the high office for which he seemed to have been born. In itself ritualism may be a lawful form of religion, but history shows that it may be cultivated until it excludes what it once ornamented and ends by becoming only the tropical efflorescence of human vanity. A deep attachment to ritualism may be taken as a good-by bidden by the young preacher to the height and depth of thought which belongs to the pulpit in all the great periods of church life. A high ritualism is a most perfect and most alluring means for keeping the mind of the clergyman within the limits of a perpetual childhood.—*David Swing.*

ONE of the saddest things in the world is that God's saints so rarely recognize each other across the dividing lines of sects. This age of ours is rising into an appreciation of the fact that there is but one type of goodness, and that is in likeness to God. Just as man grows more like God does he rise to the upper air where penances and prayers and outward signs of holiness are not so important.—*Rev. John Cuckson.*

WE rejoice in life because it seems to be carrying us somewhere; because its darkness seems to be rolling on toward light, and even its pain to be moving onward to a hidden joy. We bear with incompleteness, because of completion which is prophesied and hoped for.—*Phillips Brooks.*

I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only a beginning. My monument is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity.—*Victor Hugo.*

Church Door Pulpit.

The Jesus of the Gospels and the Jesus of History.

By Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter of Manchester New College, Oxford, England. The "McQuaker Lecture," Delivered at Aberdeen, Edinburgh and Glasgow, December, 1892.

The Jesus of history has many shapes. Age after age has the sublime figure of the Gospels presided over the growth and changes of the church, and age after age have men interpreted him differently, defined his being, understood his function, and realized his character, in varying forms. Born on the Syrian hills, the great tradition takes up into itself at once a host of expectations, thoughts, beliefs, out of the common heart and hope around. It passes with the Apostle Paul beyond the limits of its native soil; but, as it is launched upon humanity, it bears already the impress of a fresh mind, and it proceeds to win the Greek with the ideas and reasonings of the strictest Jew. In his turn does the Greek transform it, drawing it into the charmed circle of philosophy, and throwing around it a wondrous fabric of the spiritual imagination, which might link Jesus with the world, with man, with God, and find in him the harmony of thought between all three. And then it is handed on to Rome. Planted in center after center of imperial sway, it becomes the basis of a vast organization, and knits East and West in common faith and life. But all the while it is being subtly changed. It absorbs into itself new elements of intellectual conception, of hierarchical government, and ritual usage; and the Jesus of the Gospels becomes the Christ of the creeds and of the church.

I.

The Jesus of Christian History.

So, between the historical Jesus of Nazareth and the Jesus of Christian history there are many stages, sometimes obscure and difficult to traverse, and it is not easy to find the precise unity that underlies the whole. There is the Christ of dogma, that strange ideal construction against which the words of the real Jesus appeal, but so often appeal in vain. There is the Christ of the Apostles' Creed, "the only Son of God the Father Almighty"; but the Jesus of the Mount spoke with equal ease of "my Father" and "your Father," and laid his blessing on the peacemakers, that they should be called "Sons of God." There is the Christ of the Nicene Creed, "Very God of Very God, being of one substance with the Father"; while the Jesus of the crucifixion cried "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" There is the Christ of the so-called Athanasian Creed, who is at once "Perfect God and perfect Man"; though the Jesus of the wayside had declined even the title "good," on the express ground that "none is good save one, that is God." Shall I pursue the subject further? There is the Christ of the Fathers, who veiled his deity in manhood to persuade the devil to swallow the bait of his flesh, and then could not be held in the realms of death, but opened hell and led captivity captive. Or there is the Christ of mediæval jurisprudence, who paid the ransom of humanity not to Satan but to God; who was born in fact only to die; whose thirty years counted for nothing compared with the moment of dissolution on the cross:—or the Christ of modern Evangelicalism, in whose words and life our unwary nature found dangerous snares, encouraging infinite delusions of self-righteousness:—or the Christ of recent speculative philosophy, who is the manifestation of the unknown God, the only guarantee of his personality, the sole key to the mystery of that vast Being who must otherwise remain hopelessly unknown, the solitary bulwark against agnosticism and unbelief.

But the Jesus of history bears another aspect. Although he declared that the Son of Man should come to the judgment before all his hearers passed away, he nevertheless designed and instituted an enduring Church, committing to it the deposit of the truth and the rule of discipline for all succeeding times. Into this Church there is no entrance save by baptism. It is true that the Jesus of the Gospels called the little children to him, took them in his arms, and laid his hands upon them and blessed them. It is true that he declared that of such is the kingdom of heaven, and bade his disciples understand that except they should turn and become like them, they would be shut out. But the Christ of the ecclesiastical order will have none of them upon these terms. He is supposed to affirm that until the water and the word have lighted on them, they are exposed to the Father's wrath; and till that is averted by the sacrament of baptism, he will not suffer them to come unto him. Touched with the confessions of human guilt, the Jesus of the parables sent the penitent straight to God in prayer; nay, bade him boldly plead the forgiveness he had already granted to his brother sinner, on his own behalf at the throne of grace. But the Christ of the twelfth century still empowers the Anglican bishop to lay his hands upon the deacon's head, and impart to him the right divine, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost: Whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them."* In an upper chamber, at the passover, the Jesus of Jerusalem sups for the last time with his followers. He sees already that the end is near. The fatal plot is gathering round him: the traitor needs to take but one step more and all is over. "Take, eat," he says, and breaks the unleavened bread, "this is my body." And lo, this day upon ten thousand altars that same body, which was born and grew and rose again, has been made anew, and Christ himself, with human soul—aye, even with human sense—is present in it, and offers himself a bloodless sacrifice. "One is your master," said the Teacher to his disciples, "and all ye are brethren." But the Christ of this generation has not so taught the mightiest branch of his church. It is no fraternity of equal rights, where the only distinction is that of higher service; it is a hierarchy of powers; and at its head sits the supreme Pontiff in the See of Rome, claiming to act by Christ's authority, as his vicar, in his name, to protect the believer from error, and lead him by supernatural guidance in the path of infallible truth.

Yet once again in a third character does the Jesus of history present himself before us. For there is the Christ not only of dogma and of ecclesiastical order, but of the individual conscience and affection. Entering the ancient world with a defiance to its lusts, its greed of wealth, its adoration of physical force, the Christ in the hearts of men prompts age after age to new endeavors, and leads them forward to new victories of good. Again and again, indeed, they may fall below their own ideal, but in successive generations the mighty impulse breaks out afresh, and almost every century bears inscribed upon it another chapter in the great New Testament of our humanity. Born in a lowly home, and fed by a mother's tenderness, this Christ repaid the gift by declaring all mankind one family, embraced within the fatherhood of God: and having thus enlarged the scope of personal duty, and the range of individual effort, he kindled the passionate self-devotion of the martyr, inspired the enthusiasm of the missionary, brought healing to the sick, tenderness to the leper, and, at last, liberty to the slave. In years when war was almost the only occupation that really interested men, he redeemed it from baseness by providing in the cross some worthier object than mere selfish gain, and created the ideal of the true knight; and when women had no resources, no careers, he lifted them into the glory of the virgin and the saint. Calling for the worship of the spirit, he pointed heavenward the soaring lines of our cathedrals. Through him was the simplest of human relations glorified by art into universal holiness in the portrayal of the Mother and her babe, so that common women may still look on them and say, "Ah, who would not be good with a child like that!"* He thrilled Dante with the passion of infinite love, and impelled Milton to justify the ways of God to man. Through his thought did the great interpreter of our nature look with such sunny eyes upon the drama of existence; and that which Shakespeare teaches, Goethe, even if pagan at heart, can but confirm. As the object of its supreme admiration, each age may almost be said to have created, out of the great tradition, its own Christ. Each age has witnessed some fresh statement of his principles; each age has worked them out along some different lines; each age has acknowledged in aspiration, though it may have been unable to realize in act, that Christ has been its life.

*These words are not found in any Ordinal earlier than the twelfth century.—*Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, vol. ii. p. 1513, art. "Ordination."

II.

To-day's Return to the Jesus of the Gospels.

Is the present age an exception? I do not think so. For whence have come so many of the ideas now working obscurely in our midst, if not from the principles of human brotherhood once laid down by Jesus, but so long overlaid by alien formulæ of theology as to be almost ignored? The great doctrines of democracy are but the application to politics of the religious conception under which he interpreted the being and the relations of men: the watchwords of the Revolution, "liberty, equality, fraternity," only sum up the significance of Christianity as a social force, and formulate its essential aims. And a corresponding movement is discernible among the churches. For whatever place may be assigned to the Christ of ancient theology, that which marks the theology of the present day is above all things *the return to Jesus*. As with all potent impulses of human thought, the modern movement has been fed from various springs. A reaction against excessive dogmatism has generated a protest against attempts to define the undefinable. A purely intellectual apprehension is felt to be of small value compared with the moral sympathy which quickens souls. Correct opinion has no necessary connection with worthy living; and though one should know all mysteries, yet not have love, one would be nothing. So the value of the ethical element in Christ, in history, and in the heart of man, is steadily rising. Opposed to the theory of a fallen and ruined nature incapable of good, the new philosophy discovers in conscience an organ of divine revelation, and boldly claims the sanction and support of the teacher who appeals to our own judgment as to what is right.† And the spirit of science can no more be kept out of the investigation of the great movements of thought, than it can be deterred from tracing the successions of the rocks, or inquiring into the origin and constitution of planets, suns and stars. So the phenomenon of Christianity which appears, for good or ill, as the mightiest incident in the world's history, demands an explanation, and this age has seen a wide and varied series of labors in its quest. The text of the Gospels has been studied and restored with patient care; contemporary events have been scrutinized for whatever might throw on the records even a passing light; while the explorer's pick has been busy on the sites of ancient ruins, the student has examined the monuments of phases of thought and usage once full of eager hope and national significance, now dead and gone; and out of this vast collection of materials one after another has striven to retell the wondrous tale.

*The cry of one poor mother to another, before one of Murillo's pictures exhibited some years ago in the Bethnal Green Museum.

†Luke xii. 57.

With what result? Why, with the discovery that there is another Jesus of history, who is not developed in the long course of events out of the Gospel story, but out of whom the Gospel story has been itself developed. The Jesus of the creeds, of ecclesiastical order, of the moral consciousness of Christendom, is the growth of the ages that have followed the record: the historical Jesus belongs to the age out of which the record grew. That age was long enough and active enough to give to the traditions which it undertook to preserve and propagate, a character, a color of their own; and the inquirer who seeks to know what Jesus of Nazareth actually said and did, finds that he is face to face with the most difficult, if also the most fascinating, of enterprises, the problem, namely, of getting behind the testimony of the early church to the reality which that testimony partly reveals but partly hides. Is such an attempt, however, justifiable? and even if it be conceded as lawful, how far is it possible?

Every attempt to rewrite the Life of Jesus, it was once wittily remarked, implies that the four Evangelists did not finally succeed in their task.* Four biographies have come down to us from out of the haze enveloping the primitive Church. Emerging into clear view in the middle of the second century, they bring with them no story of the date or circumstances of their composition, and we are left to determine their age and value by comparing their contents and gathering such external attestation as the scanty remains of the literature of the age supply. A slight examination suffices to dispose of the contention that we have here a record of absolute and unerring accuracy. When it is affirmed that the Bible is infallible from end to end, that it contains the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth,† we may ask how we are to reconcile conflicting statements of fact. When Mark (iii. 16) reports that Simon received his surname Peter on the appointment of the Twelve, and Matthew (xvi. 18) implies that it was conferred at Cæsarea Philippi on the famous occasion when he declared that Jesus was the Christ, and John (i. 42) relates that it was bestowed at his first interview when his brother Andrew led him to the Teacher's abode near Jordan, are we to suppose that every one of these three dates is equally correct? Or if Mark (xi. 12, 15), and Matthew (xxi. 12) place the cleansing of the temple after the solemn entry into the capital at the beginning of the last fatal week, though on different days, and John (ii. 13, 14) assigns it to the first passover, at the opening of his ministry, are we to infer, with the accomplished

*Martineau, on Renan's "Vie de Jesus," *Essays, Reviews and Addresses*, iii. p. 281.

†Dr. James Spurgeon, *Daily News*, November 25th, 1892.

uthor of the recently published vol-
me "Jesus, the Carpenter of Naza-
eth," that the act was *twice* repeated,
nd that the bold deed which on the
econd occasion cost Jesus his life,
assed on the first unnoticed and left
im unharmed? Discrepancies of
rder and conception such as these
bound on every page. They place
he narratives containing them within
he class of the ordinary materials
f the historian. He must sift their
estimony, confront assertion with
ssertion, inquire into the circum-
tances under which his documents
ook shape, ask what predisposing
auses have brought the records into
heir present form, and then proceed
o extricate as best he can the final
ruth.

But this is not indeed an easy task. At the very outset of his labor the nquirer is struck by one prominent act: the Gospels present two very different pictures of the Teacher's inistry. While the first three, vith minor variations, are based on ubstantially the same conception, and eproduce often in the same words the ayings and the deeds of Jesus accord-ng to a common tradition, the fourth Gospel is marked by striking varia-ions, affecting not only the order of vents, the length of the Master's areer and the character of his dis-ourse, but also the larger significance f his function and personality. The esus of the Synoptics receives in Bap-ism the attestation of his Messianic alling, and ere he passes to his work s proved by temptation in the wilder-ess. But the fourth Evangelist mits altogether the opening heaven ver the Jordan bank, and the con-lict in the mountain solitudes broken nly by the distant roar of the wild easts. The Jesus of the common radition takes up the message of his redecessor John, "Repent for the ingdom of heaven is at hand." But he fourth narrator reports no such ummons. He seems never to have eard the contents of that message of ood news, for the words *repent, re-entance*, do not once appear upon his age. Many other features of the riple story of the first three vanish n like manner. Not one single emoniac crosses the Master's ath, or seeks the look and word of ower to heal and save. No outcast ublican is won back to rectitude and elf-respect. No mothers ask a bless-ng on their babes. The background f village life with all its simple inci-ents of homely duty, joy and suffer-ng fades out of sight. The parables hat floated over the waters of the ake, the rebukes that flashed out in he synagogue, are still. No bread is roken, no cup of the new covenant assed round, at the last meal: no gony in the garden draws down the elp of heaven: Jesus passes to death vith the majesty of a king, whose ingdom, however, is not of this vorld, and on the cross, instead of the nguish of desolation, he departs in eaceful triumph, "It is finished."

But the fourth Gospel differs from he other three no less by what it ontains than what it omits. Not nly has the story been wholly retold; ot only have traditions been recast, icts rearranged, the order and signifi-ance of events remoulded; but the ery words of Jesus seem often to ave undergone a strange transforma-on. The pregnant sayings with vhich the prophet of Nazareth meets n objection, baffles a hypocritical nquisition, or opens up a glimpse into he deep things of God, here pass nto lengthy arguments and elaborate llegory. The problems of experience vith which he deals so promptly with he ease of a rich and commanding ature, "Who is my neighbor?" How oft shall my brother sin against e and I forgive him?" "What shall do to inherit eternal life?" Sabbath bservance, self-denial, saving the lost,—these either lose their promi-nence or disappear. The Teacher's discourse circles instead around a few great themes. God and the world—not as the scene of his creative power, but as the great antagonist of his righteous will—the realms of light and darkness, spiritual life and spiritual death, absorb his thought. Above all discord and opposition rises the mystic union of the Father and the Son: and the Gospel is designed to show how the Son leaves his heavenly glory to dwell among men, in human form, showing forth the Father, till the times comes for him to go away and resume his celestial state. The key to the whole thus lies in the identification effected by the writer between the Galilean Jesus and the pre-existent Word. But he does not assert this on the authority of Jesus himself. He takes his readers into the secret before his narrative begins, and thus attaches at the outset to the life which he is about to describe, a profound conception borrowed from Greek philosophy, so that the streams of Hebrew vision and Hellenic thought here meet and blend. Behind the term thus imported into the Christian consciousness lies a long descent. With these antecedents, however, we have nothing here to do: We can only ask what is the significance of the Logos for the Jesus of history. And the answer seems clear. It is the interpretation by the disciple, not the word of the Master. The Gospel which portrays him in this character, though it may be founded on historic traditions, though it may have incorporated historical materials, is not itself history. It is a free reproduction of the words and deeds of Jesus in the light of great ideas: it is the attempt to present his life and work through the medium of a representation adopted from a different lineage of thought and intelligible to a fresh order of minds. What steps may have intervened before the Jesus of the common tradition was transformed into the Jesus of the Fourth Gospel, or how far these stages can be traced within the limits of the New Testament itself, it would need a separate evening to inquire. It must suffice to point out here that not only has the actual speech of Jesus been translated from the Aramean vernacular of his native tongue into the purity of limpid Greek, but (as is recognized by the latest Bampton lecturer upon the subject*) the *thought* of Jesus has undergone translation too, and the Jesus of history, therefore, must be sought elsewhere.

III.

THE REAL JESUS BEHIND THE GOSPELS.

There is only one place where he can be found. The three first Gospels are united by a common type of portraiture. Amid diverse variations they are still linked in general harmony with each other and with contemporary Jewish life; and this justifies us in seeking there, if anywhere, the truth about him. Their testimony is indeed not free from difficulty. The tissue of which they are woven is by no means all of one piece. They contain deposits from many different layers of tradition. It would be easy to contrast one Gospel with another, nay, even to contrast any one Gospel with itself, and show the existence within the church of varying views of the scope and meaning of the Master's words. We are not, therefore, discharged from the critic's task, nor entitled simply to set our narratives side by side, forcing them into unnatural accord. Nevertheless, a brief examination shows that they are all based on the same idea, they treat the ministry of Jesus in the same way, they attach the same general significance to his person and work. That idea, that significance, are summed up in one word, Jesus is the Christ. "The beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ," so runs the title of our earliest record, "according to Mark." As the conception of the Logos in his relation to God, the world, and man, pervades the fourth Gospel, so is the common tradition with its different supplements moulded on the belief that Jesus is the Messiah. It is a belief that carries us at once into the heart of Jewish hope. In the ancient times of idolatry and disaster, of misrule within and invasion without, the seers of Israel had looked for the ideal king who should restore the glories of the Davidic reign, and bring to his nation the blessings of justice, security, and peace. First of all, the Assyrian conqueror should be repelled. When the empire of Nineveh passed to the lords of Babylon, and the expected prince had not appeared, the day was but postponed. Jerusalem itself might fall, but it would be restored; and with its revival the monarchy would be rebuilt as well. The exiles returned, but the golden age did not set in; yet through centuries of trial the afflicted people clung to its great trust. Disappointment could not dull, nor suffering extinguish it, and persecution only raised it in a new form to fresh intensity. When the cruelties of Antiochus Epiphanes drove the Maccabean heroes to a last desperate fight for their liberty and their religion, the writer of the Book of Daniel (about 165 B. C.) beheld the horn and mouth impersonating the Syrian tyranny done away (VII. 20–22), and the kingdom given to the holy people. Antiochus died, though not as the seer predicted; no judgment-seat was set; no books were opened. The world went on again upon its course; but expectation had again been quickened, and a stream of apocalyptic literature burst forth. New faith was wakened for the pious dead; they should arise to share the future glory; the present "age" should give place to "the age to come," and resurrection should be the prelude to the fresh life on earth, transformed into a fitting scene for the "kingdom of heaven."

Through the midst of these anticipations rang the piercing cry of John, "*Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.*" A thrill of excitement swept over the land, and multitudes thronged round the prophet on the Jordan bank. Among the hearers was a young man from Nazareth. The call had reached him, and he came. When the Baptist's voice is hushed by imprisonment, he takes up the word, and returns to his native Galilee to repeat it there, "*Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.*" (*Matt.* III. 2, IV. 17, cp. *Mark* I. 4, 15.) That great divine event, then, is already near. His mission is to proclaim it to his countrymen, show its true character, apply it to their common life, their daily hopes and cares, and the religious institutions of the time. He goes into the synagogue, and his hearers exclaim with wonder, "What is this, a new Teaching?" (*Mark* II. 27). He seeks the outcast and forlorn, his explanation is ready, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners" (*Mark* II. 17). His disciples transgress Sabbath usage, he is unabashed; by one simple rule all ordinances are judged, "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the sabbath, (*Mark* II. 27). They neglect traditional purifications, and at a single stroke ceremonial obligation is superseded by the inwardness of morality: "There is nothing from without the man, that, going into him can defile him; but the things which proceed out of the man are those that defile the man" (*Mark* VII: 15). Everywhere as the Teacher moves, delivering his message, a great original soul shines forth through the haze of later legends, or through the limitations and beliefs of the age.

I say "through the haze of later legends," for who now will plead for *all* the miraculous incidents of the Gospel story? How many people really believe that Jesus cursed a fig-tree for not bearing fruit out of season, and that it at once shriveled up before the astonished eyes of the disciples (*Matt.* XXI. 18-20)? How many people really believe that Moses and Elijah stood in living form beside him on the Mount of the Transfiguration; or that at his death the tombs were opened and the bodies of the saints were raised, so that two days after, they walked openly into the streets of Jerusalem, and appeared unto many (*Matt.* XXVII. 52, 53)? Even within our Gospels the presence of ideal elements is now winning gradual recognition. In his recently published treatise on Apologetics, the learned and genial Dr. A. B. Bruce, from whose writings students of all schools have so much to learn, finds such an ideal picture in the closing scene of the Gospel according to *St. Matthew*, where the risen Jesus imparts to the disciples on the Mount the great commission, "Go ye and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit" (*Matt.* XXVIII. 19, 20). It is expressive of the consciousness of the Catholic Church, rather than of what was likely to proceed from the mouth of Jesus before he finally left this world. It is "not a report of what the risen Jesus said to his disciples at a given time and place," but rather "a summary of what the Apostolic Church understood to be the will of the exalted Lord.* This method of treatment may be easily applied elsewhere. If the Gospel ends by idealizing Jesus, it may also begin. The narratives of the virgin-birth prefixed to the Gospels according to Matthew and Luke are marked by peculiarities of style which at once separate them from the traditions of the ministry. That they do not belong to the earliest story is generally conceded; that they are independent and irreconcilable is also frankly confessed even by sincere believers in the deity of Christ. The stories which they tell so differently cannot *both* be true: can we receive either of them as evidence of fact? They embody the faith, says Dr. Bruce, in the sinlessness of Jesus: "the history is not the creation of the faith, but it came late in the day, when believers in a sinless Christ began to wonder how such an one as he entered into human life."† "Came," where from? Our author himself supplies the answer. It is not founded on fact, it is the product of speculation; it is not born of *faith*, but it springs out of *wonder*—a still more unsubstantial foundation! And if it be argued that a physical miracle is needed to support and harmonize the moral miracle of the sinlessness of Jesus, I may reply that this in its turn requires proof. This, no less than the other, is a historical phenomenon, and can only be known by historic evidence. When I find that the Buddha was regarded by his followers as sinless long ere Christ was born, and that he too was wondrously conceived within the womb, I ask for the justification of the belief, and I learn that it was a dogma of the Buddhist order, arising out of their ideal conception of the founder.‡ I am then justified in rejecting it. In the same way,—may we not say—the doctrine of the sinlessness of Jesus belongs rather to the realm of ideal

*Archdeacon Watkins, *Modern Criticism considered in its Relation to the Fourth Gospel*, 1890, p. 426.

Apologetics, p. 463.

†*Apologetics*, p. 409.

‡A similar belief arose concerning Mohammed.

faith. You cannot establish it on the record, for the record is incomplete. You may read through a Gospel in a morning. How much will you know of the mind of Jesus, minute by minute, hour by hour, day by day, even during his ministry, let alone his thirty years? You may know him in his great moments, his seasons of insight or exaltation: and you may infer much that must have lain between. But can you infer *all?* Was there no weariness, depression, impatience, despondency? I do not look for flaws in that brief story, I am content to find there the traces of the words and thoughts of the noblest and holiest of men. I am not here to charge Jesus with "moral defect." But to affirm that from the manger to the cross no shadow of infirmity fell on him, and then to bid me accept in the teeth of historical difficulties the stupendous wonder of the miraculous conception, because faith in the moral miracle demands a physical base,—this is to invert the legitimate order, and rest my facts on my beliefs, not my beliefs on facts.

(To be concluded next week.)

Notes from the Field.

The Treasurer of the Western Unitarian Conference has to report the following receipts.

FOR CURRENT EXPENSES.

From Churches.

Iowa Unitarian Association	$ 10.00
First Unitarian Church, Rochester, N. Y.	75.00
All Souls Church, Chicago	200.00
First Unitarian Church, Milwaukee, Wis.	50.00
First Unitarian Church, Geneseo, Ill.	25.00
Unitarian Church, Hillside, Wis	10.00
First Unitarian Church, Madison, Wis.	23.00
First Unitarian Church, Hobart, Ind.	10.00
First Unitarian Church, Sioux City, Ia.	100.00
Third Unitarian Church, Chicago	60.00
Unity Church, Sherwood, Mich	10.00
Unity Church, St. Paul, Minn	72.53
First Unitarian Church, Davenport, Ia.	30.00
Unitarian Church, Quincy, Ill	49.51
Unity Church, Hinsdale, Ill.	50.00
Church of the Unity, St. Louis, Mo.	140.00
	$915.04

From Individuals.

Alex Dunlop, Chicago	$ 5.00
Mrs. Osgood, Chicago	20.00
Rev. G. W. Buckley, Sturgis, Mich.	5.00
A friend	1.00
Miss H. S. Tolman, Boston	20.00
	$966.04

The churches within the Conference not yet having made their contributions will be reminded of the fact by the above list. The treasurer hopes to hear from such churches within the present month, and to be able to present his complete report at the opening session of the May meetings.

A Ministers' Institute, to comprise all the liberal ministers of Michigan,—Unitarian, Universalist and Independent—is to be held in Ann Arbor, beginning Tuesday evening, April 18th, and extending through Wednesday and Thursday, the 19th and 20th. An attractive program has been arranged, and it is believed that the meetings will prove of great interest and value. An invitation is extended to all the liberal ministers of the state, and it is earnestly hoped that every one will be present. Entertainment will be furnished by the Ann Arbor Society.

JAMES GORTON, Tecumseh.
W. F. DICKERMAN, Lansing.
W. D. SIMONDS, Battle Creek.
J. T. SUNDERLAND, Ann Arbor.
Committee of Arrangements.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Work upon the new church that is to home the Unitarian movement in this city, under the earnest leadership of Charles E. St. John, has been begun. It is expected that by October the building will be ready for occupation. Mr. St. John has, by the personal presentation of the Pittsburg needs, secured help from several Unitarian congregations and outside friends. The funds already raised need farther additions, but the local interest and the outside good-will are encouraging, and the immediate necessity for a church building is felt. This will draw to the movement many who are now waiting to make sure of its permanence. The financial management is in the hands of careful and conservative men. Mr. St. John has been untiring in his work to establish a liberal church in this city, where so many previous efforts have failed, and it now looks as if that work would soon show some tangible result.

The Study Table.

The under-mentioned books will be mailed, postage free, upon receipt of the advertised prices, by William R. Hill, Bookseller, 5 and 7 East Monroe St., Chicago.

Periodicals.

THE Easter-*Child Garden*, "the only Kindergarden magazine for children in the world," justifies its right to a permanent existence by the fact that it furnishes sweet and wholesome literature for very little children. Mothers will find it helpful and suggestive in furnishing entertainment for the busy little brains under their care.

THE *Review of Reviews* is as usual full of good things, the most prominent articles being "Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet" by Woodrow Wilson, "The Coming World's Parliament of Religions" by Dr. Barrows, and an illustrated paper answering the query, "How Should Women Dress at the World's Fair?" The reviews and editorials are of the usual high order.

THE *North American Review* for April contains articles on a great variety of subjects ranging from "Brain Surgery"—a presentation of achievements by Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, to impressions made by America upon two English women, Lady Grey-Edgerton and Lady Sykes. A symposium on "How shall the Pension List be Revised" is the most noteworthy contribution on political subjects, and there are also articles on the "Financial Situation" by the Hon. R. P. Bland, and a review of the Brussels conference by the Hon. Chas. Foster. Mrs. Amelia E. Barr offers some considerations upon the subject of "Good and Bad Mothers" and the number is completed by interesting articles on shipbuilding, the "Art of Mystery in Fiction" by Geo. M. Fenn, "Middle-class Life in France," etc. Among so many good things it is difficult to select especial ones for comment.

THE *Arena* for March opens with an article on the "Social Quagmire and the way out of it." by Alfred E. Wallace, and for a frontispiece has a portrait of Helen M. Gougar, who contributes to their number one of two articles on the problem of intemperance, the other being written by Dr. Keeley answering the question "Does Bi-Chloride of Gold Cure Imbriety." Other articles are "A Pilgrimage and a Vision, or Social Contrasts in Boston"; a presentation of the omnipresent problem of poverty and wealth, one on "Women Wage-earners," by Helen Campbell, and a rather hysterical "Defense of Shakespeare," by Dr. F. J. Furnivall which forever relegates to oblivion the idea that Bacon had anything to do with writing the famous plays. Prof. S. P. Wait has an article on "Life after Death," John Franklin Clark discusses "The Money Question," Cora Maynard contributes an article on "The Woman's Part"; John Keatley has a description article entitled, "Under the Arctic Circle" and the number is completed by a story by Will Allen Dromgoole, a verse or two by Hattie Horner and the usual editorials and book reviews.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

Christianity and the Roman Empire. By W. E. Addis, M. A. London: B. C. Hare, 5 Essex street. Strand, W. C. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 221, 85 cts.

The First Millennial Faith. By the author of "Not on Calvary." New York: Saalfield & Fitch. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 84. Fifty cents.

A Dream of the Ages. By Kate Browlee Sherwood. Washington, D. C.: The National Tribune. Cloth, square 12mo, pp. 80.

Heroic Happenings. By Elbridge S. Brooks. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 227. $2.00.

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Sun.—One cannot follow God by giving up self, for it is the self that finds him.

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Tues.—Life is that of which we are least conscious.

Wed.—Religion as a separate function is vastly inferior to life.

Thur.—The wise man has not far to look to find his future.

Fri.—Nature is simply God in outward action.

Sat.—One law runs through the various spheres of man's nature, the highest expression of which is spirituality.

—*Ecce Spiritus.*

An April Shower.

The warm, sweet rain is falling
From April's changeful skies;
The green leaves on the willows
Laugh out their glad surprise.
The violet wakes from dreaming
Beneath the dead year's leaves;
Each blossom adds its brightness
To webs that springtime weaves.

The robin in the maple
Sings fitfully and low,
As if he'd half forgotten
The songs he used to know.
His little heart is happy
As from his burnished wing,
In pauses of his singing,
He shakes the rain of spring.

The buds on oak and elm tree
Seem growing as we look;
Spring legends are repeated
By the babbling little brook;
The air is full of sweetness,
The skies are brighter blue;
The rain that falls in April
Makes all the old world new.

—*Guardian Angel.*

Gypsy's Love of Companionship.

A few months ago I bought me a dark roan colt four years of age. As I was his first groom and driver we naturally fell into very warm friendship, and one or two things occurred in our life together, of interest to the readers of *Dumb Animals*. Last summer I drove him in saddle to Dr. Loring's farm, in South Salem. It was early morning. I felt as if it would do Gypsy good to have the benefit of the fresh June grass. On reaching the pasture I took the saddle off and put him behind the bars. He began to show unusual restlessness, snorted, and pawed the ground. I then coaxed him to the west end of the pasture where other horses were grazing, and left him while I started to return by the same path I had taken. Soon I heard a familiar neighing. Gypsy was in search of his owner, who had disappeared in a clump of bushes. I hastened to the road, only to see him coming down the hill in wild excitement. The road ran along the east end of the pasture for an eighth of a mile, so that a good opportunity was afforded to run. Up and down the street frontage he galloped, neighing so sorrowfully that it broke my heart. I stood in the road and watched him. My waiting made him all the more excited. Once more he hurried the length of the field, scanning every rail, measuring with swift eye every distance which seemed favorable to a leap. At last, as I was disappearing around a curve in the road, he came down the field at his best speed, leaped a fence that shut a creek from the pasture, took a path along its edge, leaped to the top of a stone wall and reached the street in high heat and with an air of supreme victory. He did not want to be left alone. I was obliged to take him to Dr. Loring's superintendent and leave him for a while with him, until he had recovered a little from the sorrow of being left alone. On another occasion, when riding into the country, where sometimes, when I could get permission, I would put him into a good field to let him graze an hour or two, I hid with my wife in the bushes behind the wall to watch his maneuvers on missing us. He soon discovered we were gone. His head was high in air. It was an earnest search. Through the field in which he was inclosed, he ran, threatening to leap the wall or fence at every corner, and I found my only safety was in popping up and giving him the signal that master was on hand. His delight, then, was like that of a child who had found the one that loved it most.

Horses are not fools. There are more fools on the driver's seat than in the wagon shafts.—*Rev. G. T. Phinney*, in *Our Dumb Animals.*

A Tiny Garden.

It was a bricked over space behind a house on a crowded street. My washwoman lived there, and on one of my calls her little girl said, "Please come and see my garden." No soil could be seen and yet between the bricks a brave little dandelion had thrust up its head, and actually had a flower as pretty as if the plant grew in the midst of a grassy field. "I water it every day," said she, "and I can see lots of buds." "I can give something to this child," thought I, "better than money," and after praising the care she gave her flower, I asked if she would like a vegetable and flower garden too. Her face glowed, but clouded again as she asked, "How can I?" "Leave that to me," said I, "you shall see them next time I come." I had two wooden boxes about three feet long. Filling these with rich soil, in one was planted parsley seed, and in the other nasturtiums. They both fitted into a sunny place by a brick wall. The child watered them faithfully and in due time with delight showed me the flowers of every hue. "I pick them for the table, and my vegetable garden gives us parsley, every day, fresh and nice to eat with bread and butter."—*Butterick's Magazine.*

Polite.

A little incident happened to a young Northern lady, says the Charleston *News*, visiting this city some months ago, which she seemed to take pleasure in relating.

In crossing a quiet side street one day, a vegetable cart, drawn by a small donkey, and driven by an aged negro with shining black face and very white wool, was about to pass at the same time.

As she hesitated, the donkey was stopped with a peremptory, "W'oa, Squash! W'oa, sah, I tell yo'!" and while she crossed, nodding in recognition of the clear passage thus afforded her, the venerable darkey took off his tattered remnant of a hat, and said, with a flourish:

"Pass on, my missus, pass on! Squash and me, we allus waits on the ladies."

She was charmed with this, as a sample of the courtesy of the colored race, and said that Sir Walter Raleigh's gallantry fell far short of it, in her opinion, inasmuch as it had interested motives.—*American Youth.*

OPPRESSION has always been the parent of unreason and license, in the sphere of spiritual things.—*Ecce Spiritus.*

Baby's Dessert.

Baby at the dining-table,
Sitting in her wee, high chair,
Saw a ray of golden sunshine
Gilding all the silver there.

And her eyes were sparkling, laughing,
As she saw the radiant light;
Soon it fell upon her teaspoon,
And she grasped it with delight.

To her mouth the baby lifted
The bright spoon, as if to dine,
Saying: "See, mamma, I've swallowed
A whole spoonful of sunshine."

—*Babyland.*

Essentials of Character.

VII.

PROMPTNESS.

"*He gives twice who gives quickly.*"

HONESTY WITH TIME is a good way to define promptness. For lack of promptness is really stealing time from other people.

It is of the greatest importance to learn to deal with time so as not to deprive others of that which belongs to them as much as their money or their houses. To waste our own time also by lack of promptness is just as bad as foolishly wasting our money. We should begin in our earliest years to learn to do quickly, and without whining or making excuses, all the duties that are laid upon us. If a habit of promptness is early acquired, it becomes then a firm principle of life, and helps greatly to make a noble character; while carelessness in the use of time, will injure both yourself and others and will greatly weaken the character. Promptness is one of the handles by which we can take hold of the business of life and make it go as we want it to go, but if we lose our hold, it becomes a source of danger and keeps us vainly chasing and trying to catch up all our lives.

For lack of promptness, business has been ruined, battles lost, lives sacrificed and governments destroyed; while promptness has sent boys, not otherwise superior to their playmates, up to the highest positions in life.

Lack of promptness is usually caused by laziness or carelessness; and any one ought to be ashamed to plead either as an excuse.

IN THE HOME, promptness is of the greatest importance in making the home life pleasant as well as in forming there the habit for its use in after-life. Promptness in rising, gives one a clear head to begin the day with, and time for all its duties; does not rob the rest of the household of their time while waiting for the tardy member, gives to all the breakfast when it is best, and saves them from many a cloud which might last through the whole day. Think every time you keep the family waiting for breakfast, you are not only spoiling their meal, but are stealing their time and perhaps, thereby, making them steal other people's time, and thus setting in motion a train of evil which will reach through the whole day and hurt many hundreds of people.

IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM, also, promptness is one of the highest virtues. By it the whole life of the school is improved and made easier, better and happier. In a school of sixty, one pupil, one minute late, steals an hour's time, since the whole sixty are delayed by his action. Where every pupil promptly does his duty, there is time for everything; tempers are kept unruffled and lessons are better learned.

ON THE PLAYGROUND, promptness gives the whole play-hour to its proper use, and allows a chance for all to have a good time, while the lack of it deprives each one of some part of his just share in the games, and is likely to cause ill-temper and quarrels.

IN SOCIAL LIFE, we ought to bear in mind that lack of promptness is stealing other people's time, destroying their pleasure, irritating their tempers and putting some grains of unpleasantness into every joy of life. The excursion party must lose the chance to go out with the tide because some one is late, the public meeting is delayed and a thousand persons robbed of ten minutes each, because some one fails to come at the appointed time; then an important speech must be cut short, the speaker embarrassed, and the listeners robbed of a part of their pleasure and profit.

IN BUSINESS, promptness is the foundation upon which much of the success of men is built. The boy who is always prompt wins the favor of his employer and his employer's customers, and through that comes promotion and the chance for the highest success. The prompt business man catches the first of the market, is on hand to collect his bills and pay his debts, gets his day's work done in time for an early train home, and so finds time for recreation and rest; by being always on time he finds opportunity for all he has to do, and so does it well. Promptness in other things should lead us to be prompt at Sunday-school and church. Though not perhaps a quality of religion, it will make the religious man more earnest in his service of his fellowmen, and a more valuable member of the community in which he lives.

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What they say about Unity.

From a Boston minister:

"With your present sturdy shoulder at UNITY'S wheel, I send you my greetings. UNITY has the *courage* of its *convictions*. In my own attitude I am not extra-Unitarian so much towards *outsiders* as towards *insiders*. My own love is "Free Congregationalism." I want that large place, that extra-denominational fellowship. Unitarian barrenness, to me, is its negative face (so to speak). Congregationalism is a church principle of immense *pith* and *moment*. Under that principle "Radical" and "Conservative" can "keep house" as each chooses! The individual church in its own sphere none can molest nor make afraid, whenever dogma steps down and out! Undogmatic, Free Congregationalism is broad enough for me. You and I might go along with Lyman Abbott and T. T. Munger as well as with Unitarians, in the Unity of the Spirit and the bond of peace.

Wishing UNITY most hearty success, ever yours."

From Topeka, Kansas, an old subscriber sends with a new name her congratulations that UNITY is to live, and her "*full sympathy* with the liberal little sheet."

A Southern reader says:

"Hoping UNITY will live to enliven the hopes of many who have not hitherto been constant readers, I am as ever for the cause of 'Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.'"

From a Wisconsin reader:

"I hope that UNITY will live to do much for the cause of humanity, justice and truth. From one who accepts the truth wherever found."

From a well-known-writer in Massachusetts:

"The suspension of UNITY would be disheartening to the lovers of freedom in religion, and religion in freedom."

A Milwaukee friend:

"I cannot give up UNITY. It is too bright a gem not to possess and admire its whole-souled truths, so please continue sending."

From a Michigan minister:

"UNITY must not die. I will do all *possible I* can, and *soon*. We all ought to help you in this burden."

From Cleveland, Ohio:

"Don't give up UNITY. There must be many more like me who cannot spare your word."

A Michigan subscriber writes:

"Find a dollar in this inclosure for the only paper of which I read every word."

From a friend in South Carolina:

"I value the paper highly and say, 'May it live forever.'"

From a Dunbarton, Ohio, reader:

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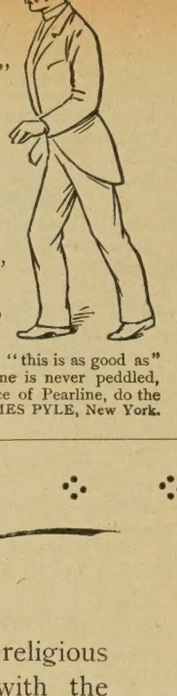

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